

A
FLEETWAY
LIBRARY

**WAR
PICTURE
LIBRARY**

NO 31

1/-

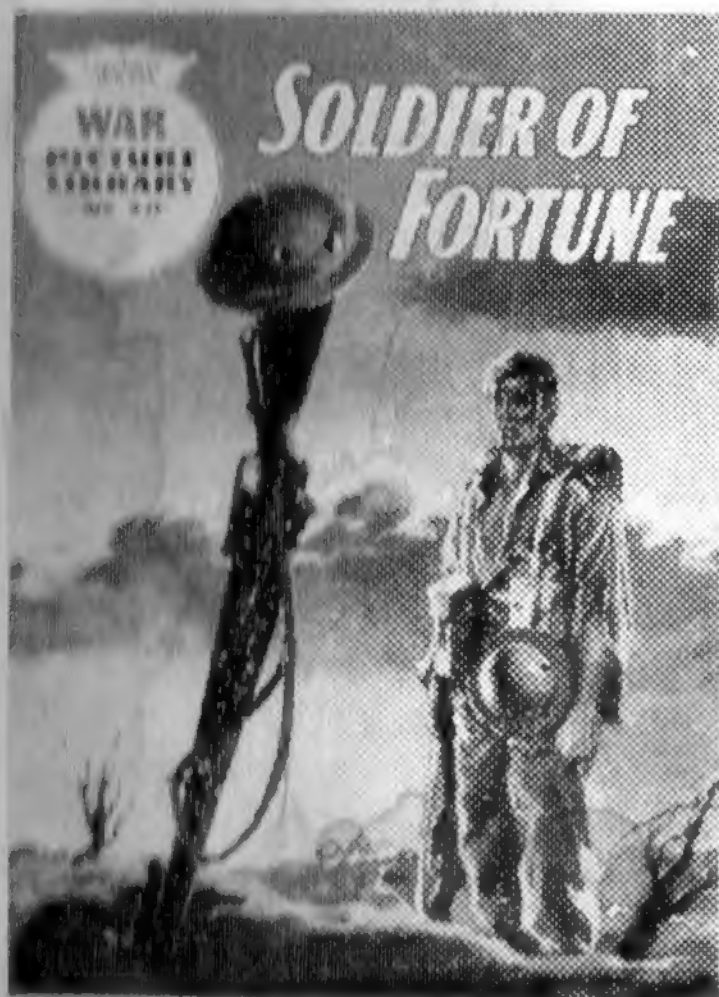
BEACH-HEAD



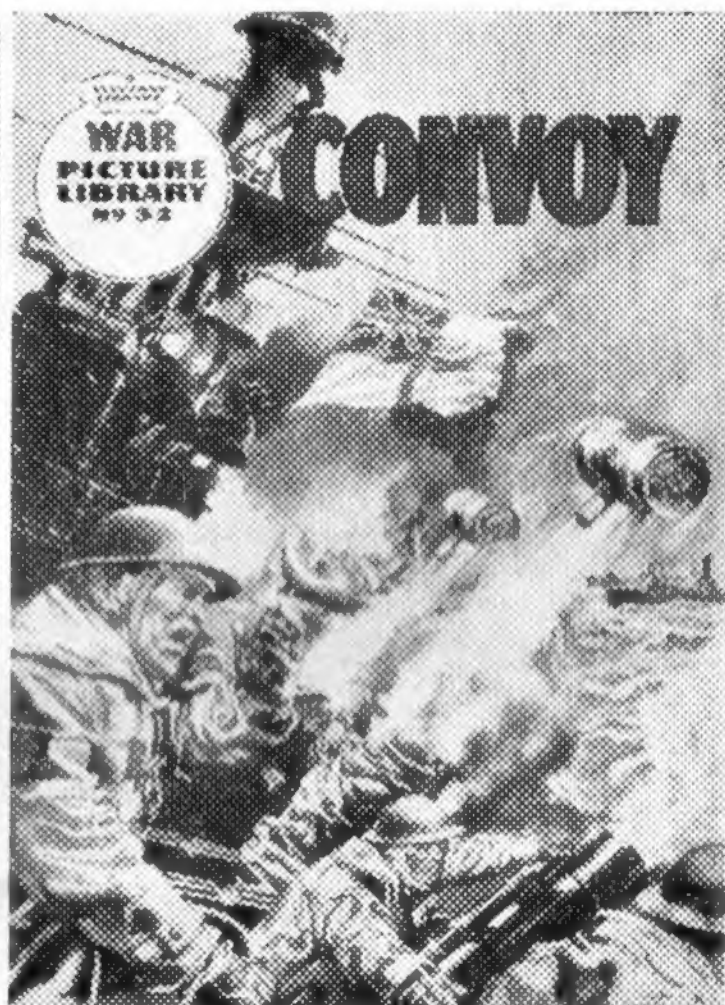
ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS ... ACTION ... DRAMA ...
**WAR PICTURE
LIBRARY**

No. 30—SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

NO. 32—CONVOY



A young soldier, the sole survivor of a last ditch stand in Greece, takes another's identity and his fight to win back his honour and his name nearly costs him his life.



The convoy to Russia sailed into an unbelievable hell of Arctic storms and deadly ice, of lurking U-boats and marauding aircraft—but the worst enemy of all was the traitor within the convoy itself.

Next month's **THREE** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** titles are :—

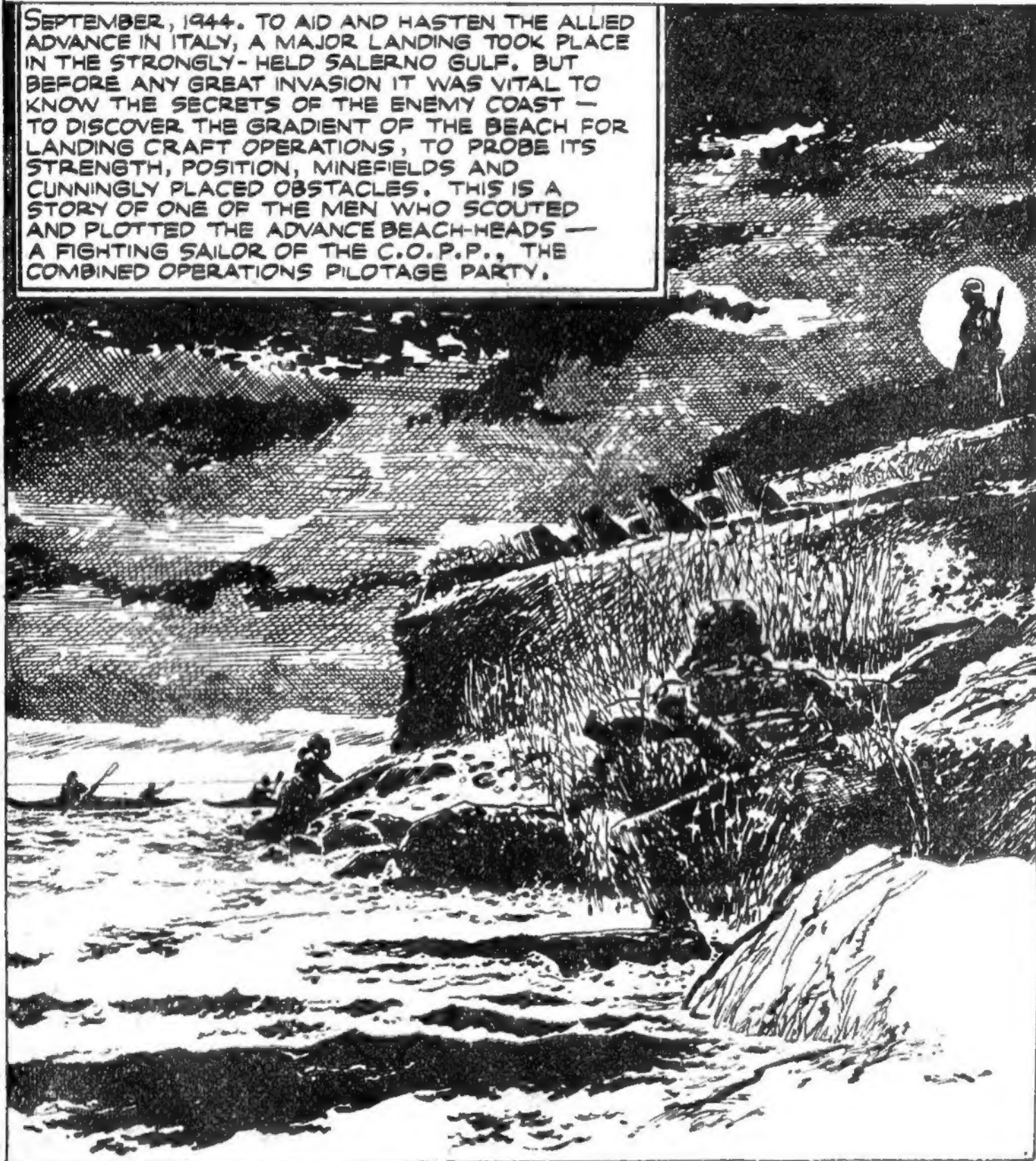
No. 33—UNDER FIRE

No. 34—FIX BAYONETS

No. 35—FULL STEAM

BEACH-HEAD

SEPTEMBER, 1944. TO AID AND HASTEN THE ALLIED ADVANCE IN ITALY, A MAJOR LANDING TOOK PLACE IN THE STRONGLY-HELD SALERNO GULF. BUT BEFORE ANY GREAT INVASION IT WAS VITAL TO KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE ENEMY COAST — TO DISCOVER THE GRADIENT OF THE BEACH FOR LANDING CRAFT OPERATIONS, TO PROBE ITS STRENGTH, POSITION, MINEFIELDS AND CUNNINGLY PLACED OBSTACLES. THIS IS A STORY OF ONE OF THE MEN WHO SCOUTED AND PLOTTED THE ADVANCE BEACH-HEADS — A FIGHTING SAILOR OF THE C.O.P.P., THE COMBINED OPERATIONS PILOTAGE PARTY.



Chapter 1.

FROGMAN'S THREAT

ON A DARKENED STRETCH OF BEACH IN SALERNO BAY, TWO BRITISH NAVAL FROGMEN HAD BEEN TAKEN PRISONER...

SHOOT TO WOUND IF THEY TRY TO ESCAPE! HAUPTMANN ZWEISS WILL WANT TO MEET THESE TWO!



MEANWHILE, OFF SALERNO BEACH, PETTY OFFICER RED LUCKNOW, D.S.M., OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S COMBINED OPS PILOTAGE PARTY, WAS REPORTING TO HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUTENANT PEERS, ON BOARD H.M. SUBMARINE SHARK.



WE FOUND NUMEROUS OBSTACLES AND MINES ON RED BEACH, SIR... VERY STRONG JERRY POSITIONS.

SALERNO'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK! THE LANDING CRAFT BOYS WILL BE GLAD OF THIS INFORMATION WE'VE GATHERED.

LUCKNOW'S EYES FLICKERED INVOLUNTARILY TO THE CLOCK ON THE WARDROOM BULKHEAD.



AMES
AND RUTHERFORD
HAVEN'T RETURNED,
SIR! GIVE ME THE
CHANCE AND
I'LL CHASE 'EM
UP...

THOSE MEN
SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW.
WE PROCEED TO BASE IN
EXACTLY FORTY MINUTES...
THOSE ARE MY ORDERS.
ANYONE NOT ON BOARD
SHARK BY THEN HAS
HAD IT!

THE COMBINED OPERATIONS MEN LEFT THE WARDROOM DISTURBED ABOUT THE FATE OF THEIR TWO MISSING COMRADES.



OUR LADS COULD HAVE
LOST THEIR DIRECTION ON
THAT BEACH, SIR... LET
ME TRY TO FIND 'EM.
THERE'S TIME ENOUGH...

I'LL
GIVE YOU THIRTY
MINUTES - NO MORE! IF
YOU'RE NOT BACK ON TIME
BEFORE WE SAIL... I'D HAVE
TO SAY YOU TOOK OFF ON
YOUR OWN!

BEACH-HEAD

THE TOUGH P.O. FROGMAN WILLINGLY ACCEPTED THE CHANCE HIS OFFICER OFFERED. MINUTES LATER, HE WAS PADDLING TOWARDS THE ENEMY-HELD BEACH.

SO YOU LET HIM GO... I ONLY HOPE HE MAKES IT BACK IN TIME!

COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED LUCKNOW ANYWAY! HE'LL BRING BACK AMES AND RUTHERFORD, IF IT'S HUMANLY POSSIBLE...

LUCKNOW SOON FOUND THE WAITING CANOES OF HIS MISSING FRIENDS...

NO SIGN OF 'EM... I'LL GIVE 'EM TEN MINUTES!

HIS WAIT WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE CRUNCH OF HEAVY BOOTS ON THE CRISP ITALIAN SAND!

JERRIES...
AND THEY'VE NABBED AMES AND RUTHERFORD!

ARMED WITH ONLY A COMMANDO DAGGER, THE PETTY OFFICER FUMED AS HE WATCHED HIS FRIENDS BEING MARCHED OFF TO CAPTIVITY... OR WORSE...!

IT MAY WELL BE THE LAST ANY BRITISHER SEES OF THEM... UNLESS I HELP THEM!



LUCKNOW QUICKLY CONCEALED THE CANOES BEFORE FOLLOWING THE PRISONERS, HOPING WILDLY FOR SOME CHANCE TO HELP THE CAPTURED RATINGS...



IT WILL SOON BE TOO LATE TO RETURN TO THE SUB... BUT IF I CAN CAUSE A DIVERSION, THE LADS COULD RUN FOR IT...

BEACH-HEAD

BUT BEYOND THE DUNES WERE STRONG GERMAN-HELD POSITIONS!

WE CAUGHT THESE
TWO PROWLING ABOUT
OUR BEACH
DEFENCES, HERR,
LEUTNANT!

ESCORT THEM TO
HAUPTMANN ZWEISS!
HE'LL KNOW HOW TO
DEAL WITH SPIES! I'LL
HAVE A PATROL SEARCH
THE BEACH TO SEE IF
THERE'S ANY MORE
OF THEIR
KIND...



LUCKNOW BEGAN A DESPERATE CRAWL
THROUGH THE ENEMY DEFENCES, NOT
DARING TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE
TWO CAPTIVES...



THE ESCORTED FROGMEN WERE HALTED AND ORDERED DOWN THE STEPS OF A LARGE DUGOUT...

GET HAUPTMANN ZWEISS AT THE DOUBLE! WE'LL WAIT IN THE BUNKER WITH THE PRISONERS...

JAWOHL, FELDWEBEL

LUCKNOW ARRIVED IN TIME TO SEE THE MESSENGER RETURN ON THE RUNNING BOARD OF A SMALL GERMAN TRUCK. HE SAW A TALL GERMAN OFFICER STEP INTO THE ROAD FROM BESIDE THE DRIVER...

WHAT IS SO IMPORTANT, FELDWEBEL VOHL?

WE HAVE CAPTURED TWO BRITISHERS, HERR HAUPTMANN! BRITISH SPIES! THEY WAIT BELOW!



BEACH-HEAD

SO BEGAN THE INTERROGATION OF AMES AND RUTHERFORD BY THE COLD-BLOODED HAUPTMANN ZWEISS!

IT WILL BE EASIER FOR YOU, ENGLANDER SWINE, IF YOU TELL ME OF YOUR WORK AT SALERNO...

WE HAVE NOTHING TO SAY!



THE PRISONERS' STUBBORN REFUSAL TO TALK INFURIATED THE GERMAN OFFICER...

DOGS! TAKE THEM AWAY! THEY WILL BE MADE TO TALK-BEFORE I HAVE THEM SHOT AS SPIES!



YOUR DAY WILL COME, JERRY! DO YOUR WORST...

THE PRISONERS WERE DRAGGED UP THE DUGOUT STEPS AND TAKEN TO THE TRUCK. LUCKNOW WATCHED IN HELPLESS RAGE!

THEY WILL BEG FOR MERCY WHEN I HAVE THEM AT MY HEADQUARTERS! YOU AND YOUR MEN COME WITH ME AS GUARDS...



THE TRUCK ROARED OFF, LEAVING THE GERMAN SENTRY AT THE DUGOUT ENTRANCE, YAWNING TIREDLY.

ACH! I'LL CATCH A NAP BEFORE THE SERGEANT RETURNS...

I'LL HAVE TO NAB THAT SENTRY AND MAKE HIM TALK!



LUCKNOW CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWED THE SENTRY DOWN INTO THE DUGOUT...



LIKE A SPEEDING BULLET, THE STOCKY NAVYMAN HURLED HIMSELF UPON THE UNSUSPECTING GERMAN. . .

NO NOISE, FRITZ - OR YOU'LL BE A DEAD JERRY!



THE STARTLED, FRIGHTENED SOLDIER WAS MORE THAN READY TO TALK TO THE WILD ONE WHO HAD BURST IN UPON HIM. . .

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE BRITISH PRISONERS?



THEY HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF HAUPTMANN ZWEISS. . .

SPEAK ON! WHAT ELSE? WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THEM? WHO IS THIS ZWEISS?



SPARE ME! I AM BUT A PRIVATE... AND AN AUSTRIAN... NOT EVEN A GERMAN! ZWEISS GIVES THE ORDERS. HE SAID HE WOULD SHOOT THE PRISONERS AFTER HE HAD GAINED INFORMATION FROM THEM. . .!

THE WORDS STABBED INTO LUCKNOW'S HEART... THE NAME ZWEISS WAS BRANDED INTO HIS MEMORY...

I WANT A WORD WITH THIS HAUPTMANN ZWEISS.
CALL HIM UP AT HIS H.Q. ON THAT PHONE... AND
NO TRICKS,
SQUAREHEAD!

JA, JA!
I WILL
TRY...



A STARTLED ZWEISS WAS CALLED TO THE TELEPHONE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 20TH HERMANN GOERING REGIMENT...

ZWEISS? GET THIS...
PETTY OFFICER RED LUCKNOW,
ROYAL NAVY, SPEAKING... IF
YOU HARM YOUR PRISONERS
IN ANY WAY AT ALL...
I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN
TO THE END OF YOUR
DAYS...

HIMMEL! AN
ENGLANDER!



LUCKNOW'S VOICE RANG WITH MENACE AS HE TALKED TO THE AMAZED OFFICER...

... AND LISTEN CAREFULLY... I'LL BE BACK! SO SEE THAT AMES AND RUTHERFORD GET NORMAL TREATMENT ACCORDED TO PRISONERS OF WAR!

THE CALL ENDED ABRUPTLY. HAUPTMANN ZWEISS WAS LEFT STARING STUPEFIED FOR A LONG MOMENT AT THE TELEPHONE IN HIS HAND.

SCHELL! SCHELL! CALL OUT MY BODYGUARD! SOMEONE TRACE THAT CALL! MY LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED!

GOOD— SOMETHING HAS TAKEN HIS MIND OFF US!

BACK AT THE DUGOUT, LUCKNOW WASTED NO TIME PREPARING HIS DEPARTURE...

TELL YOUR HAUPTMANN FROM ME... IF HE HARMS MY PALS, I'LL BE BACK TO THROTTLE HIM WITH THIS BANNER!

I'VE DONE ALL I CAN —
NOW BACK TO THE SUB..
IF SHE'S STILL
THERE

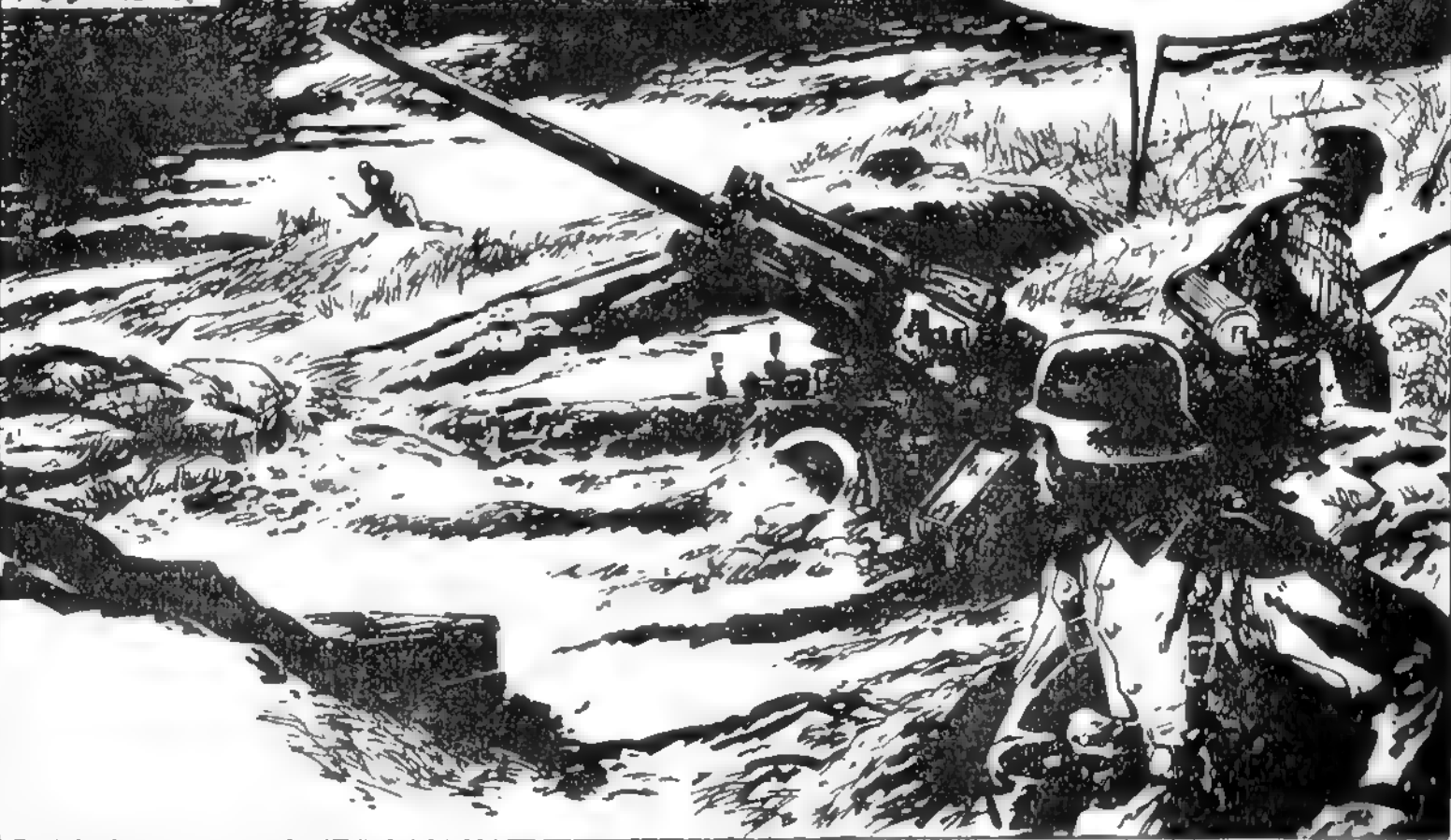
A FEW SHORT MINUTES LATER,
THE ENRAGED AND SCARED
ZWEISS STORMED INTO THE
DUGOUT...

DUMKOPF: TO LET
AN ENGLANDER MAKE A FOOL
OF THE WEHRMACHT!



LUCKNOW MADE GOOD PROGRESS
BACK TO HIS HIDDEN CANOE — UNTIL
HE PASSED CLOSE TO A GERMAN GUN
POSITION!

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!
AN ENGLANDER...



BEACH-HEAD

LUCKNOW FLED, BULLETS HUMMING ABOUT HIS EARS AND SPURTING UP SAND AT HIS FEET... THEN SUDDENLY HE STOPPED. SPEEDING TOWARDS HIM WAS A GERMAN TRUCK, CARRYING MORE SOLDIERS - AND ZWEISS!

MORE OF 'EM! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE FOR THE SAND DUNES!



THE PETTY OFFICER BOLTED OVER A SAND DUNE TOWARDS THE SEA, AS A SHARP COMMAND BROKE THE STILL NIGHT AIR AND ZWEISS' MEN, SCRAMBLING FROM THE TRUCK, TOOK UP PURSUIT...

SHOOT THE DOG DOWN!



EVEN WHILE RUNNING UNDER HEAVY FIRE, LUCKNOW HAD TIME TO READ THE ONE OMINOUS WORD ON A NOTICE BOARD...



MINEFIELD, EH? WELL, I'VE GOT NO CHOICE... HERE GOES!

THE ASTONISHED GERMANS SAW THE HUNTED MAN DISAPPEAR OVER THE DUNE... ON TO THE HEAVILY-MINED STRETCH OF BEACH!



FOLLOW HIM! I WANT HIM DEAD! LEAD THE MEN, VOHL!

BUT THE MINEFIELD, HERR HAUPTMANN... WE WOULD LOSE MEN—IT WOULD BE MURDER...

BUT UNDER THE THREAT OF THE OFFICER'S PISTOL, THE RELUCTANT GERMANS CONTINUED THE CHASE... AND SUFFERED CASUALTIES... IN THEIR OWN MINEFIELD...



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MEN! THAT IS MY ORDER... IT IS SUICIDE TO TRY AND GO FURTHER—I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY...

LUCKNOW USED THE LULL IN HIS PURSUIT
TO MAKE GOOD HIS GETAWAY...

SO
FAR, SO
GOOD...



BUT AFTER PADDLING A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE BEACH, RED
WONDERED IF HIS LUCK HAD HELD... WHEN HE AT LAST HAD
TIME TO CONSULT HIS WATCH.

FIVE
MINUTES OVER
MY TIME... THE
SHARK'S GONE... AND
THERE'S NO TURNING
BACK NOW!



A FEW FATHOMS BELOW LUCKNOW'S CANOE, THE SUBMARINE SHARK NOSED HER WAY FORWARD ON THE RETURN TRIP TO THE BASE AT MALTA!

SORRY I COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER... BUT THERE ARE PATROL BOATS IN THAT AREA. YOUR MAN KNEW MY ORDERS.

I KNOW YOU COULDN'T RISK YOUR SHIP FOR ONE MAN, SIR... I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET LUCKNOW LEAVE THE SUB.

BACK AT THE SALERNO BEACH, HAUPTMANN ZWEISS VENTED HIS WRATH UPON HIS SERGEANT,

MUTINOUS DOGS! CALL YOURSELVES GERMAN SOLDIERS? IF THE ENGLANDER IS NOT FOUND BY DAWN—THE FIRING SQUAD WILL BE BUSY! VOHL... YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

AND IN THE GREY LIGHT OF THE APPROACHING DAWN, THE INDOMITABLE RED LUCKNOW PADDLED SOUTH... FOR MALTA!

HERE'S HOPING THE OLD COCKLESHELL CAN TAKE THE STRAIN OF A LONG TRIP.

HOURS LATER, UNDER A BLAZING MEDITERRANEAN SUN, LUCKNOW COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES WHEN HE SAW...



THE SIGHT OF A LONE CANOE FAR FROM LAND WAS EVEN MORE AMAZING TO THE LOOKOUTS OF THE APPROACHING AMERICAN TASK FORCE!



WILLING HANDS DRAGGED LUCKNOW AND HIS STURDY LITTLE LANCE ABORD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER, FAIRFAX. . .



AMERICANS! AM
I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
I WAS JUST
BEGINNING TO FEEL
THE NEED FOR A
BIGGER SHIP!

AN
ENGLISHMAN!

ALWAYS
SAID THESE
LIMEYS WERE
CRAZY!

HIS STORY TOLD, THE PETTY OFFICER ENJOYED HAM, EGGS AND COFFEE IN THE CRUISER CAPTAIN'S SEA-CABIN . . .



A REMARKABLE
ADVENTURE, PETTY OFFICER.
TASK FORCE FIFTY NINE CAME UP
HERE TO ENGAGE THE ITALIAN
FLEET, BUT IT'S FLED. NOW
WE'RE HEADING FOR MALTA.
GLAD TO HAVE YOU
ABOARD!

MALTA,
SIR! THAT MEANS
I'LL BE BACK
BEFORE MY
PALS!

Chapter 2. RETURN TO SALERNO

TWO DAYS LATER, H.M. SUBMARINE SHARK
TIED UP AT HER BASE AT MALTA...

HI,
BOYS! I SEE
YOU CAME BACK
THE HARD
WAY!

THE DEVIL...
LUCKNOW! HOW
DID YOU GET
HERE?

LOOK
AT HIM... ALL
SPRUCED UP
AND AS PERKY
AS A
SPARROW!

AFTER A JOYFUL REUNION WITH HIS COMPANIONS OF THE C.O.P.P.
PARTY, LUCKNOW WAS QUESTIONED BY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER...

... THIS ZWEISS
THREATENED TO HAVE
OUR BOYS SHOT, SIR.
FROM WHAT I SAW
AND HEARD OF HIM,
HE MAY WELL
DO JUST
THAT...

YOU DID ALL YOU COULD FOR
THEM. WE CAN ONLY WAIT TO
HEAR OFFICIALLY
WHETHER THEY
ARE P.O.W.'S
OR NOT...



THE TWO MEN WALKED INTO THE SUNLIGHT ON THE SUBMARINE'S DECK . . .

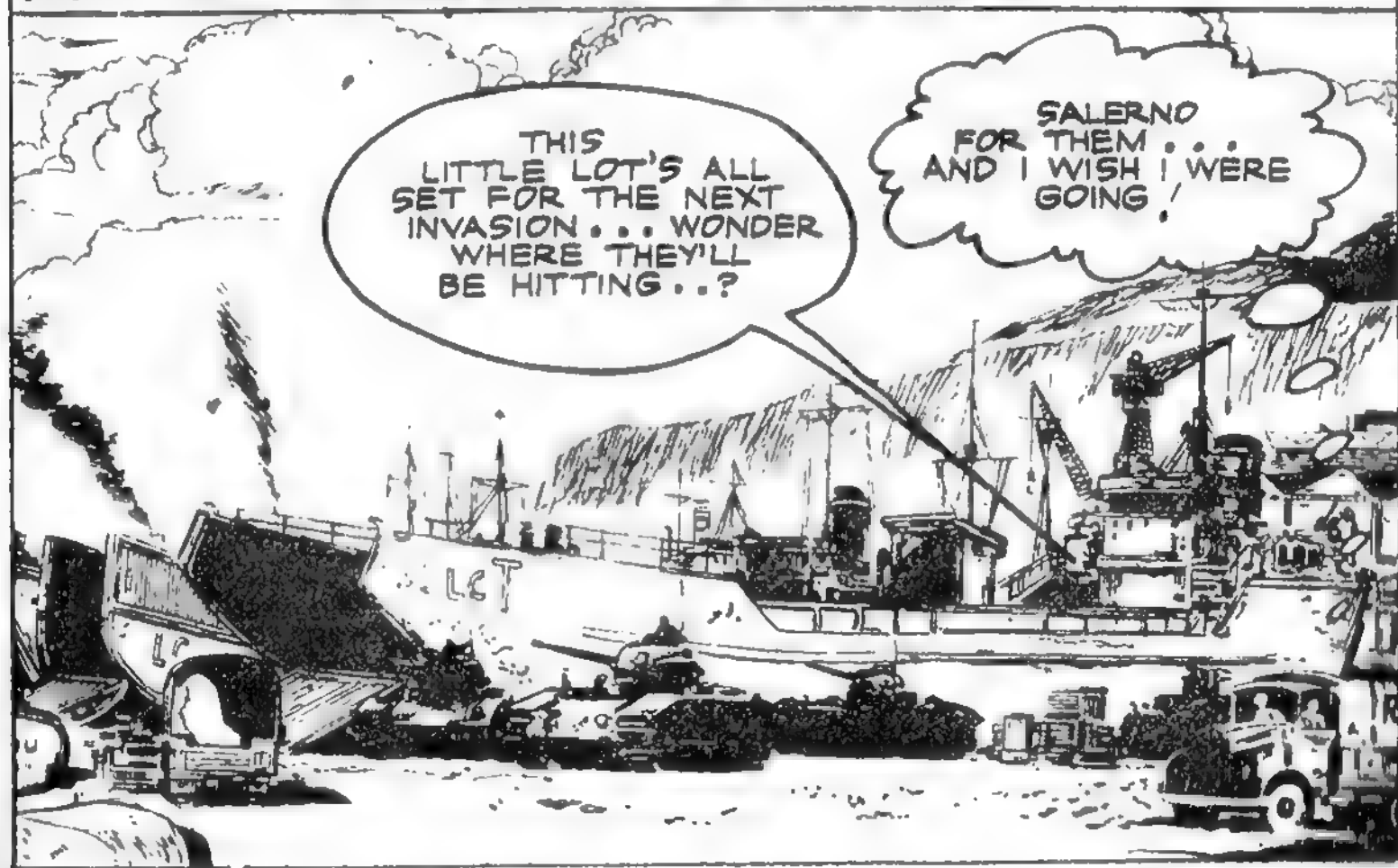
I'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU AND THE BOYS TO HAVE TWO WEEKS' LEAVE AT THE NAVAL REST CAMP, LUCKNOW... YOU'VE EARNED A HOLIDAY.



THE LEAVE TRUCK SPED PAST THE DOCKS AT SUEMA CREEK. ROWS OF BLUNT-NOSED LANDING CRAFT WERE BEING LOADED . . .

THIS LITTLE LOT'S ALL SET FOR THE NEXT INVASION . . . WONDER WHERE THEY'LL BE HITTING . . . ?

SALERNO FOR THEM . . . AND I WISH I WERE GOING !



LUCKNOW SUDDENLY RECOGNISED A SUPPORT LANDING CRAFT HE HAD SERVED IN DURING THE NORTH AFRICAN INVASION . . .



RECOGNISED BY OLD SHIPMATES, LUCKNOW WAS WELCOMED ABOARD THE LANDING CRAFT...

LOOK WHO'S HERE... COME TO LOOK OVER A FIGHTING SHIP, RED?

COME TO JOIN A FIGHTING SHIP, I HOPE! IS OLD TIN-LEGS TATE STILL SKIPPER OF THIS BARGE...?

THRUSTING A PATH THROUGH THE THROG OF MARINES AND SAILORS, LIEUTENANT TATE, BETTER KNOWN AS TIN-LEGS, GLARED AT THE VISITOR...

BARGE, EH, LUCKNOW? I COULD HAVE YOU CLAPPED IN IRONS FOR THAT...

AYE! AYE, SIR! BUT FIRST I'VE A REQUEST TO ASK OF YOU...



TATE HEARD THE PETTY OFFICER'S PLEA IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS TINY WARDROOM.

... I KNOW IT'S SALERNO, SIR, AND I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU THIS TRIP — I MUST FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO AMES AND RUTHERFORD...

I SHOULDN'T... BUT I'LL TAKE YOU! I NEED AN EXTRA GUNNER... AND IF THE LANDING GOES WELL, THEN YOU CAN MAKE YOUR ENQUIRIES ASHORE...

BY NIGHTFALL OF SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1943, A VAST ARMADA OF INVASION CRAFT NOSED SEAWARD FOR SALERNO, ITALY.

WE HIT THE BEACH AT DAWN... HOPE THE RECEPTION'S NOT TOO HOT!

IT WILL BE... JERRY'S GOT THIS PLACE WELL DEFENDED!

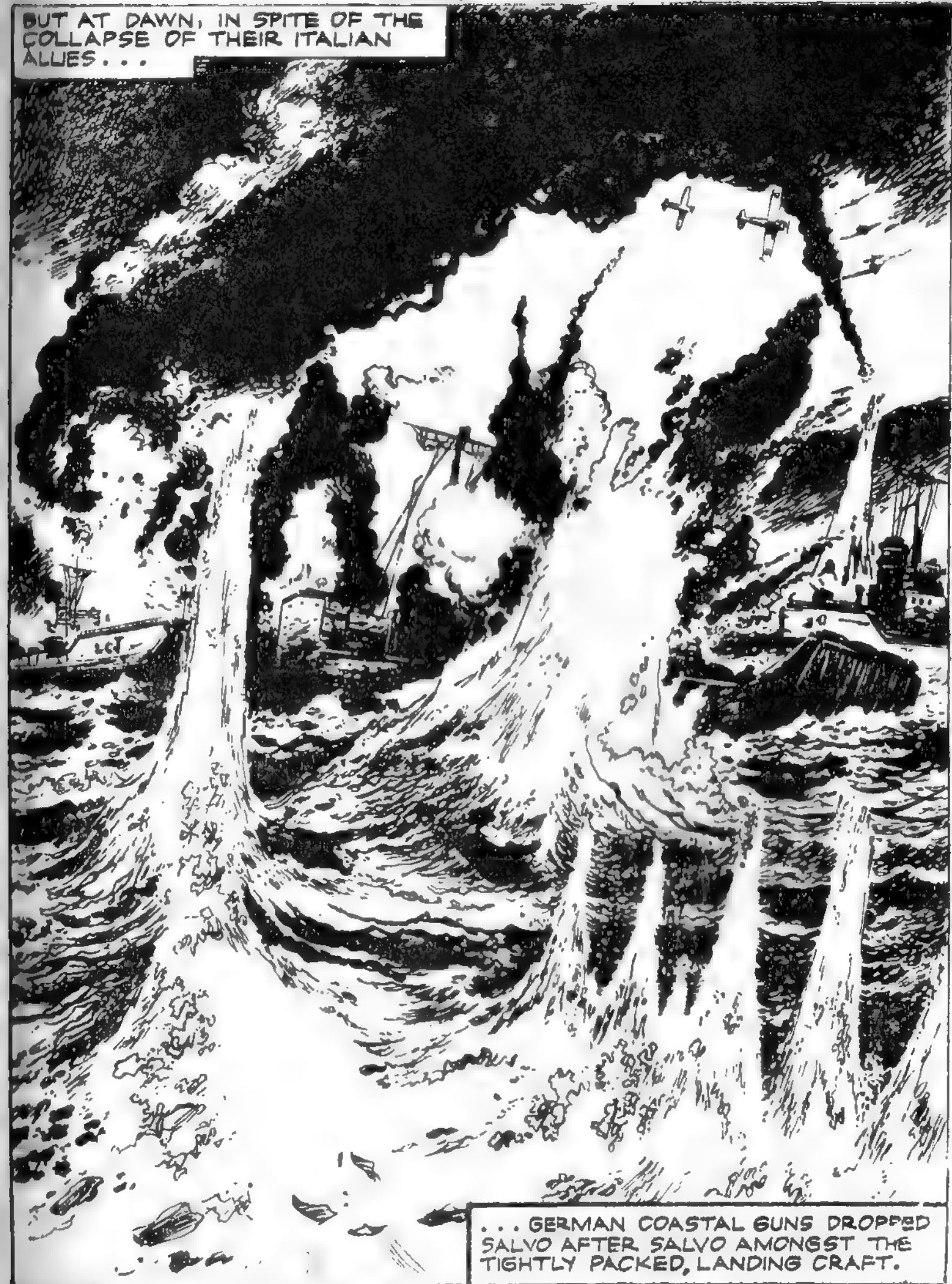
THAT SAME FATEFUL NIGHT, AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT WAS MADE OVER SHIPS' LOUDSPEAKERS IN THE INVASION FLEET...

IT HAS JUST BEEN OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED THAT ITALY HAS UNCONDITIONALLY SURRENDERED... BUT THE LANDINGS AT SALERNO GULF WILL GO ON AS PLANNED...

GOOD-O! THIS INVASION SHOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE! HOLIDAYS WITH PAY IN SUNNY ITALY!



BUT AT DAWN, IN SPITE OF THE
COLLAPSE OF THEIR ITALIAN
ALLIES...



... GERMAN COASTAL GUNS DROPPED
SALVO AFTER SALVO AMONGST THE
TIGHTLY PACKED, LANDING CRAFT.



**... THE GERMANS WERE
PROVING THEY MEANT TO
HOLD SALERNO AT ALL COSTS!**

PROTECTING THE FLANK OF AN L.C.T. FLOTILLA, L.C.G. 10 WAS IN THE THICK OF THE FIRST WAVE OF THE LANDING . . .

L.C.T.'S HAVE STRUCK
A HOT-SPOT, SIR! THERE
ARE ANTI-TANK AND HEAVY
MACHINE-GUN POSITIONS
ON THE BEACH . . .

THEN WE'VE
GOT TO GET THERE
AND SILENCE THEM!
**STAND BY TO
BEACH!**


THE L.C.G.'S FLAT BOTTOM CRUNCHED ON TO THE SAND AS SHE BEACHED BESIDE THE HARD HIT TANK LANDING CRAFT. . .



RAPID
FIRE AT ANTI-
TANK
POSITION!


BEACH-HEAD

ACCURATE FIRE FROM THE NAVAL GUNS PULVERISED THE GERMAN FORWARD ANTI-TANK POSITIONS...



HEAVY
ARTILLERY! CONCENTRATE ON
THE BRITISH SUPPORT CRAFT...
**OR WE'LL BE
KAPUT!**

COUNTER-FIRE FROM THE BEACH WAS CONCENTRATED ON GALLANT LITTLE L.C.G. 10...



THEY'VE PUT ALL THEIR
BIG STUFF ON TO US, SIR!
AND THEY'LL SOON HAVE
OUR RANGE...

ALL
THE BETTER FOR
THE TANK-LANDING
BOYS... KEEP THOSE
GUNS OF OURS
HAMMERING AT THE
ANTI-TANK
POSITIONS!

BEACH-HEAD

29

THE FIRST OF THE HEAVY SHELLS SCREAMED ABOARD...
SEVERE DAMAGE AND CASUALTIES FOLLOWED!



SHAKEN, DAZED, BUT UNWOUNDED, LUCKNOW WAS FIRST TO GAIN HIS
FEET — THERE CAME A YELL FROM THE BRIDGE...

GET THOSE
GUNS BACK INTO
ACTION!



BEACH-HEAD

BUT IN THE RESPIRE, THE GERMAN ANTI-TANK GUNS RESUMED THEIR DEADLY WORK WITH RENEVED VIGOUR...

THE SUPPORT CRAFT IS FINISHED! WE WILL DESTROY EVERY TANK AS IT LANDS...



THE FATE OF THE LANDING OPERATION HUNG IN THE BALANCE... THE JUBILANT GERMANS FOUGHT BACK, WITH LITTLE TO STOP THEM.

... POSITION IS DESPERATE ASHORE... WE MUST KNOCK THOSE GERMAN GUNS OUT!

AYE, SIR! LET'S HIT 'EM FOR SIX! FORRAD GUN IS STILL WORKING... I HOPE!



A MAKESHIFT GUN CREW WENT INTO ACTION TO
SAVE THE SITUATION...



THE LONE GUN CRASHED INTO LIFE...
A HAIL OF STEEL SWATHED AMONG
THE GERMAN DEFENCES...



AND NOW THE BATTLE FOR THE
BEACH-HEAD TOOK ON A VERY
DIFFERENT LOOK . . .

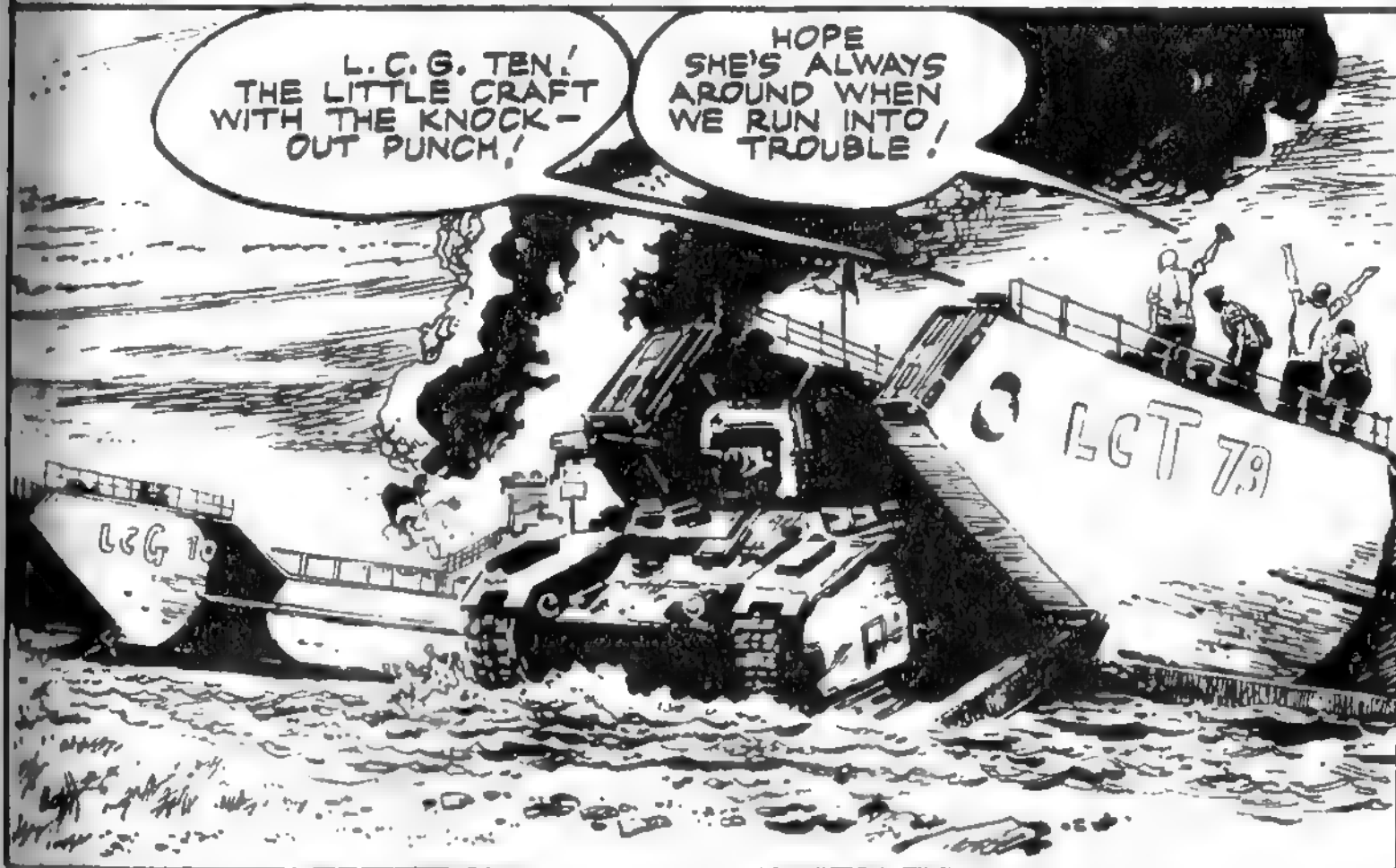
NOW
IT'S OUR TURN..
AND THEY DON'T
SEEM TO LIKE BEING
**ON THE
RECEIVING
END!**



CHEERS FOR THE GALLANT WORK OF THE L.C.G. RANG OUT FROM THEIR
PALS OF THE BATTERED TANK LANDING CRAFT...

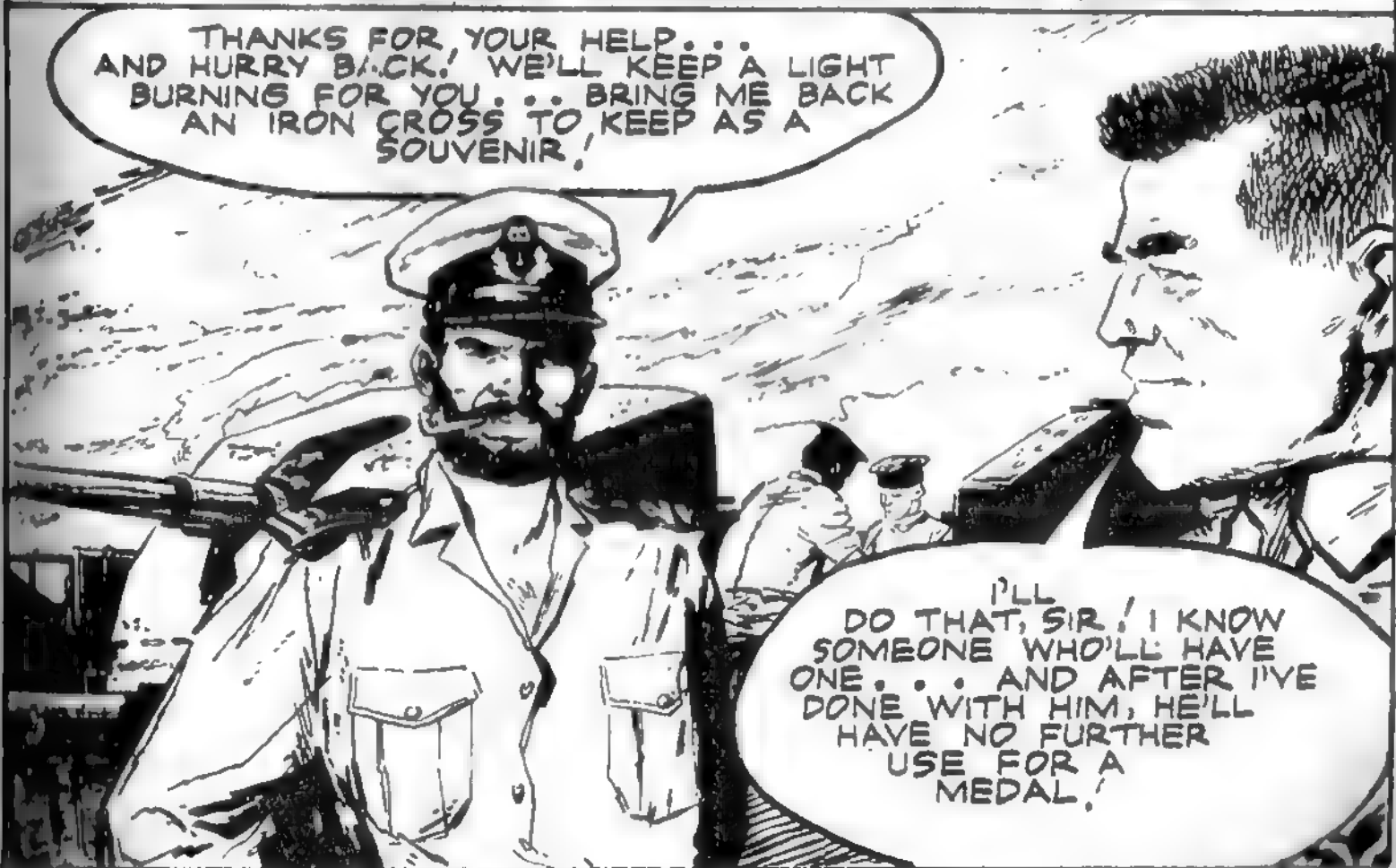
L.C.G. TEN!
THE LITTLE CRAFT
WITH THE KNOCK-
OUT PUNCH!

HOPE
SHE'S ALWAYS
AROUND WHEN
WE RUN INTO
TROUBLE!



... AND NOW BEGAN THE TASK FOR WHICH RED LUCKNOW HAD MADE
HIS UNOFFICIAL AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS RETURN TO SALERNO...

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP...
AND HURRY BACK! WE'LL KEEP A LIGHT
BURNING FOR YOU... BRING ME BACK
AN IRON CROSS TO KEEP AS A
SOUVENIR!



I'LL
DO THAT, SIR! I KNOW
SOMEONE WHO'LL HAVE
ONE... AND AFTER I'VE
DONE WITH HIM, HE'LL
HAVE NO FURTHER
USE FOR A
MEDAL!

Chapter 3. FIGHTING PATROL

OBLIVIOUS OF THE RAGING BATTLE AND WITH THE FAMILIAR SAND OF SALERNO BEACH CRUNCHING BENEATH BORROWED BOOTS, LUCKNOW HEADED TO WHERE HE HAD LAST SEEN ZWEISS...

SERGEANT HARDING! IS THAT RED-HEADED MANIAC ONE OF OUR PATROL...

NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, ARIZONA! HE'S ASKING FOR TROUBLE—OR THE VICTORIA CROSS!

LUCKNOW WAS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! FIRING BURSTS OF LEAD AS HE WENT AHEAD OF THE OTHER TROOPS, HE BEGAN TO CLEAR A PATH UP TO THE DUGOUT WHERE ZWEISS HAD FIRST QUESTIONED AMES AND RUTHERFORD...

I'M BACK...
YOU HUNS...

FORWARD, LADS! LET'S HELP HIM WIN THAT V.C.!

THE ALLIED FIGHTING PATROL
CLOSED IN TO AID LUCKNOW'S
SINGLE-HANDED WAR AGAINST
THE WEHRMACHT!



THE TOUGH LITTLE BRITISH SERGEANT HEADED FOR THE DUGOUT
ENTRANCE WITH GRENADES AT THE READY!

HOLD
IT, SARGE!
THAT DUGOUT
IS FOR
ME...



IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, THE PETTY OFFICER'S WORDS WENT UNHEEDED — BUT AS THE SERGEANT'S ARM SWUNG TO THROW THE GRENADE, RED LEAPT FORWARD, HIS FIST CRASHING TO THE SOLDIER'S JAW... AND THE GRENADE FELL TO THE GROUND...

SORRY.
FRIEND...
I DON'T WANT
THAT DUGOUT
WRECKED... NOT
UNTIL I'VE QUESTIONED
WHOEVER'S INSIDE
IT...



THE PRIMED GRENADE ROLLED TO A HALT BESIDE THE PROSTRATE SOLDIER, WHO STARED IN HORROR AND GAVE A SHOUT OF WARNING AS THE GRINNING LUCKNOW REACHED FOR IT...

FLATTEN,
YOU FOOL! THAT'S
A FOUR-SECOND
FUSE...

PITY
TO WASTE
IT! I'LL GIVE IT
TO THE JERRIES
BEHIND THE
DUGOUT.



CALMLY AND DELIBERATELY, LUCKNOW LOFTED THE GRENADE OVER THE DUG-OUT— BUT ONLY JUST IN TIME!

NOW
WE'LL TAKE THIS
PLACE INTACT!
ARE YOU WITH
ME?

YOU'RE
A COOL ONE,
I GRANT YOU
THAT! I'M WITH
YOU!

CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE TALL U.S. SERGEANT, LUCKNOW AND HARDING BATTLED THEIR WAY INTO THE DUGOUT, WHERE A GERMAN OFFICER SAT AT A RADIO SET...

RAISE
'EM HIGH,
HERMANN! A
NEW FIRM HAS
TAKEN
OVER...

GEFÄNGNIS

FEUER

ANY WILD HOPE LUCKNOW MAY HAVE NURSED ABOUT CAPTURING ZWEISS DIED PROMPTLY. THE OFFICER BEFORE THEM WAS OF A DIFFERENT REGIMENT.

WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO THE
TWENTIETH HERMANN
GOERING REGIMENT?
WHERE'S HAUPTMANN
ZWEISS?

WE
TOOK OVER THIS
SECTOR FROM THEM
YESTERDAY... ZWEISS WILL
BE AT REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS
— A MANSION HOUSE JUST
NORTH OF SALERNO VILLAGE...

WITH THIS INFORMATION, LUCKNOW TURNED TO LEAVE THE DUGOUT.
BUT SERGEANT HARDING BARRED HIS WAY...

WHOA! NOT SO
FAST! WANT TO WIN
THE WAR YOURSELF?
MAYBE WE CAN
HELP...

THIS
IS PRIVATE
BUSINESS,
SERGEANT!

REGULAR
BALL OF FIRE,
AIN'T HE!

MAYBE WE CAN JOIN FORCES... WE COULD USE YOU, FROM WHAT WE'VE SEEN OF THE WAY YOU FIGHT! I'M SERGEANT HARDING, LOVAT SCOUTS... THIS YANK IS SERGEANT ARIZONA MORGAN, U.S. RANGERS...

WE'RE A MIXED VOLUNTEER PATROL OUT TO DESTROY A LONG-RANGE GERMAN GUN DOING SERIOUS DAMAGE TO OUR BEACH-HEAD SHIPPING... LIKE TO TAG ALONG?

SOME OTHER TIME, YANK. I'VE GOT TWO PALS UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH NOT FAR AWAY... AND A DATE WITH THE MAN WHO SENTENCED THEM!

HARDING UNFOLDED A LARGE MAP ACROSS A TABLE...

THIS EYTIE MANSION YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS ON OUR WAY TO THE BIG GUN POSITION WE SEEK... WE'LL HELP YOU - IF YOU HELP US OUT!

SARGE! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A BOY!

SO THE FIGHTING PATROL WENT ON ITS WAY... WITH AN EXTRA MAN... AND AN EXTRA MISSION!

TAKE ME TO ZWEISS AT HIS H.Q. FIRST— THEN I'LL HELP YOU TO SPIKE THAT GUN!

WE'LL FILL YOU IN ON DETAILS AS WE PROCEED. THE GUN WE'RE TO TACKLE IS A TWENTY-FOUR-INCHER — BIGGEST GUN IN ITALY! AND IT'S SO WELL HIDDEN, THE R.A.F. CAN'T FIND IT...
WE INTEND TO!

REACHING THE TOP OF THE WOODED SLOPES, THE PATROL LOOKED DOWN INTO THE VALLEY AND AT THE GERMAN H.Q. WHICH THE ENEMY WERE HURRIEDLY EVACUATING AS THE BRITISH FIGHTER BOMBERS ROARED TO THE ATTACK...

SHUCKS, LOOK AT JERRY RUNNING... THEY SURE MEAN TO DODGE THE BOMBS!

THE FIRST OF THE BOMBERS
SWOOPED LOW AND RELEASED
ITS BOMBS. THE NEXT
SECOND THERE WAS A VIOLENT
EXPLOSION AND AS A PALL OF
SMOKE AND DUST ROSE FROM
THE STRICKEN BUILDING,
MORE BOMBERS DROPPED
THEIR LOADS ON THE TARGET...



AS THE AIRCRAFT CIRCLED THE WRECKED AND BLAZING BUILDING, A SUDDEN AWFUL THOUGHT IN LUCKNOW'S MIND TURNED WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CHEERING SIGHT INTO A NIGHTMARE!



AMES
AND RUTHERFORD
MAY BE TRAPPED IN
THERE... I'M GOING DOWN
TO FIND OUT!

FOLLOWED BY THE TWO STALWART
SERGEANTS, LUCKNOW RACED DOWN
THE HILLSIDE AND INTO THE SMOKE-
FILLED REMAINS OF THE HOUSE...



AMES!
RUTHERFORD!
ARE YOU?
HERE...

I CAN
HEAR SOMEONE...
DOWN BELOW...

LUCKNOW HEARD THE VOICE, TOO. ONE HEAVE OF HIS SHOULDER SENT A LOCKED DOOR LEADING TO A CELLAR BURSTING FREE OF ITS HINGES!



**KAMERADS-
HELP!**

BELOW, IN A CORRIDOR OF CELLS, A LONE GERMAN PRISONER HAD BEEN LEFT TO HIS FATE BY HIS OWN KIND...



**DANKE, DANKE!
MEIN FRIENDS...**

**STAND
BACK FROM
THE DOOR, HEINIE!
I'M GOING TO
BLAST THAT
LOCK...**

ALL THE OTHER CELLS
ARE EMPTY / YOUR
FRIENDS AREN'T HERE —
**IF THEY'RE STILL
ALIVE!**



THE FELDWEBEL STUMBLED FROM HIS PRISON TO POUR OUT HIS THANKS
TO HIS UNEXPECTED RESCUERS . . .

KAMERADS,
I OWE YOU MY LIFE.
I WAS LEFT IN THERE
TO ROAST LIKE A PIG
BY MY OWN OFFICER . . .
A DOG NAMED
ZWEISS!

ZWEISS!
WHAT DO
YOU KNOW OF
HIM?



FORGETTING THE DANGER IN THE BLAZING BUILDING, LUCKNOW SEIZED THE GERMAN, PRESSING HIM FOR INFORMATION...

SO! YOU'RE IN THE GOERING REGIMENT! TELL ME... WERE TWO BRITISH SAILORS IMPRISONED HERE?

TALK LATER! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

JA! I WAS ARRESTED FOR LETTING THE THIRD ONE ESCAPE...

THE FOUR MEN MADE THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE DOOMED BUILDING WITH BUT SECONDS TO SPARE... AN AMMUNITION STORE IN THE CELLARS ERUPTED AND THE WALLS AND ROOF CRASHED IN A SHOWER OF BRICKS AND RUBBLE...

START TALKING, JERRY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TWO BRITISH PRISONERS?

HAUPTMANN ZWEISS TOOK THEM AWAY WHEN THE AIR ATTACK BEGAN... TO THE UNDERGROUND SHELL-ROOM ON THE BIG GUN SITE...

BEACH-HEAD

MENTION OF THE GUN MADE THE SERGEANTS SIT BOLT UPRIGHT. MORGAN MENACED VOHL WITH HIS THOMPSON AUTOMATIC. . .

TALK, FRIEND! COULD YOU LEAD US TO THIS GUN?

JA! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THE NAZIS! BUT IT WILL BE A DANGEROUS TASK!



STILL COVERED BY THE RANGER'S SUB-MACHINE GUN, VOHL LED THE PATROL FORWARD. . .

I DON'T LIKE WORKING WITH JERRIES. . . BUT THIS BIRD MAY BE USEFUL. IF YOUR PALS ARE HELD AT THE GUN POSITION, WE MAY BE KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'LL BE KILLING MORE THAN BIRDS VERY SOON!

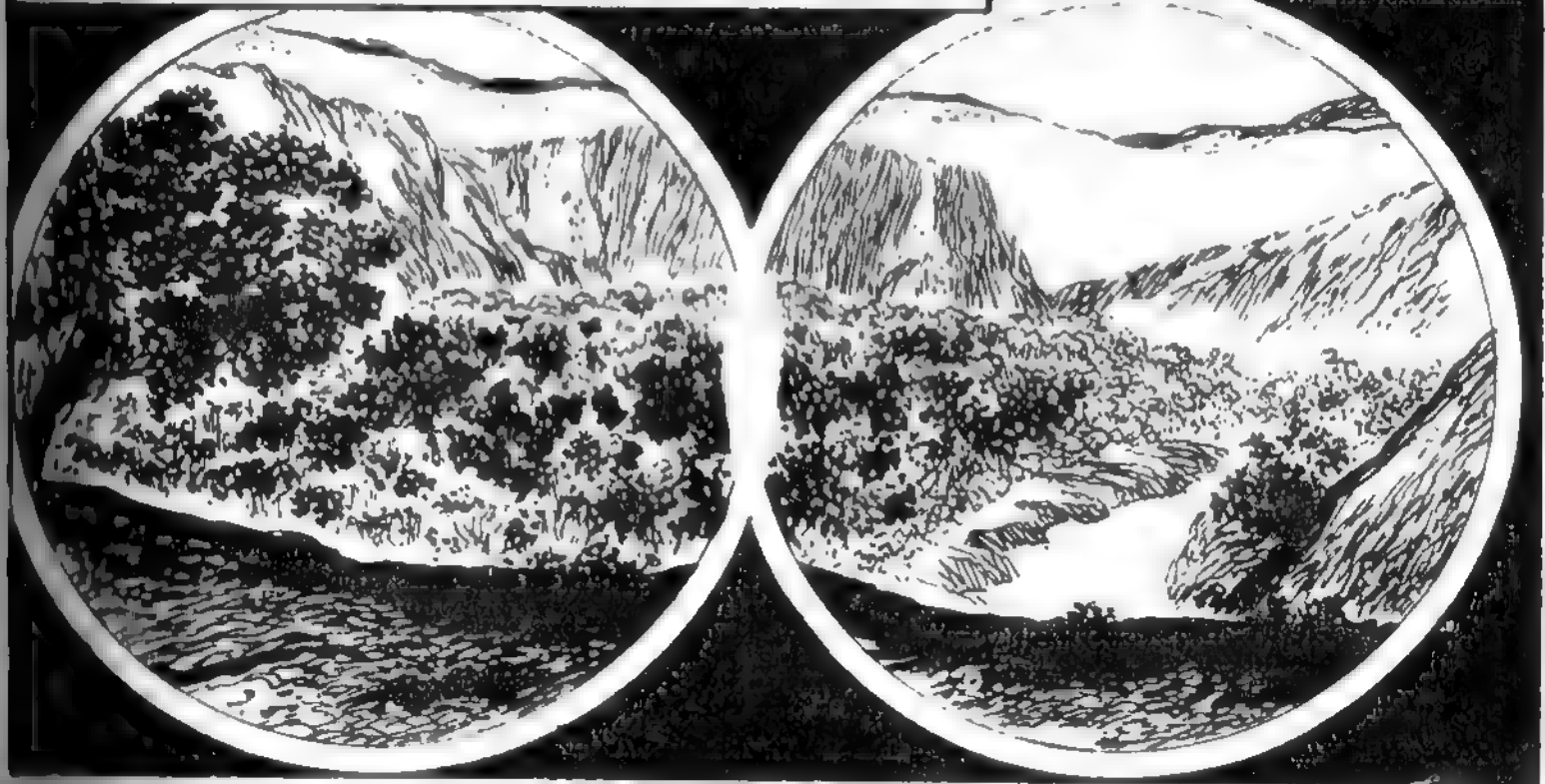


Chapter 4. THE BIG GUN

ONE HOUR LATER, AFTER DODGING NUMEROUS GERMAN DEFENCE POSITIONS, THE PATROL RELAXED AS BEST THEY COULD UNDER THE BROILING ITALIAN SUN...



NOTHING COULD BE MORE PEACEFUL THAN THE VALLEY MORGAN VIEWED THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS... THERE WAS NO SIGN OF ANY GUN POSITION IN THE DIRECTION THAT VOHL WAS POINTING...

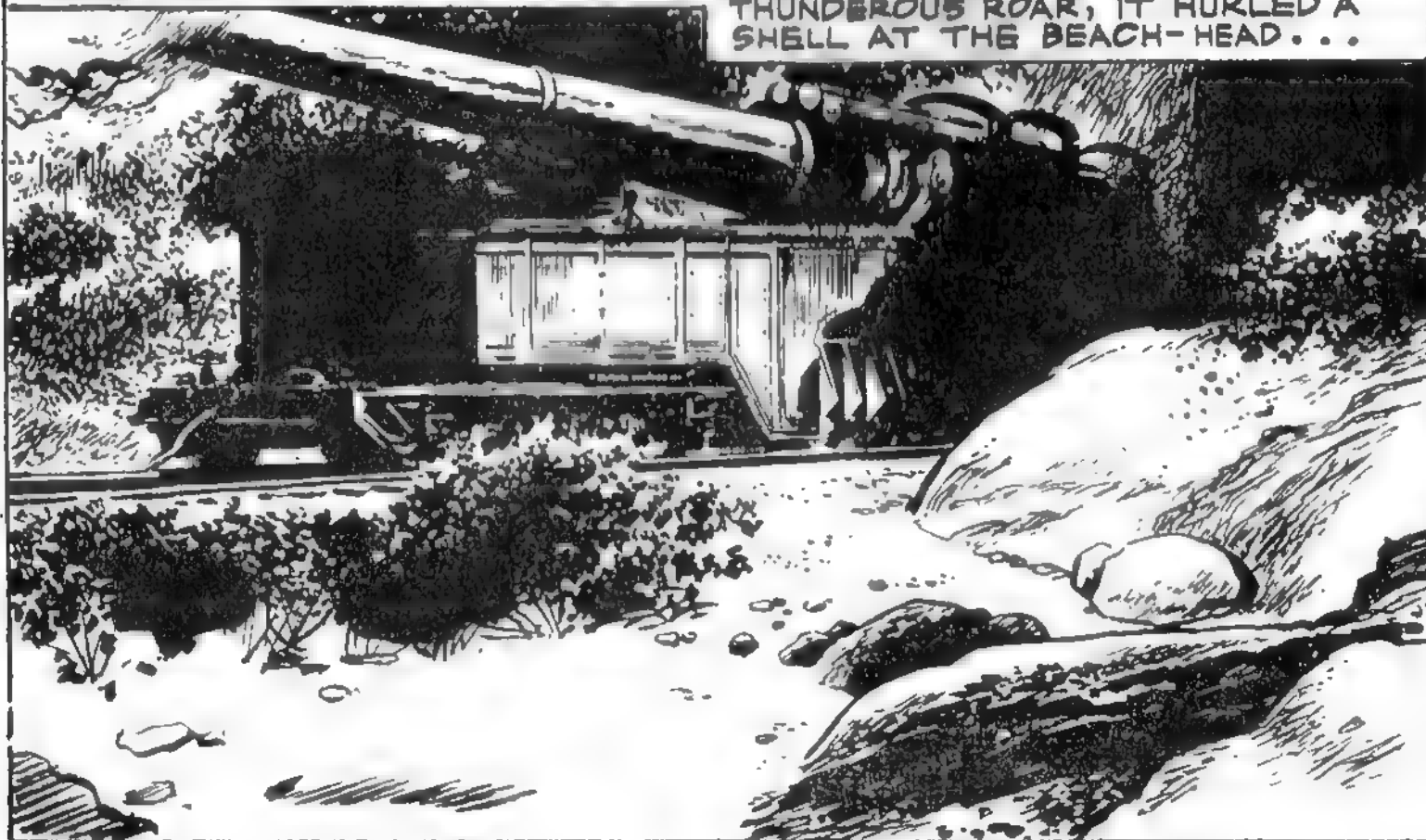


BEACH-HEAD

BUT THEN, A MIRACLE APPEARED TO HAPPEN BELOW... THE TREES MOVED SIDWAYS FROM THE ROCK FACE... AND AS THE PATROL CREPT CLOSER, THEY SAW A RAILWAY... AND A HUGE GUN MOVED SLOWLY FROM WITHIN A CAVE IN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...



THE HUGE GUN HAD BEEN MAGNIFICENTLY CAMOUFLAGED WITH TYPICAL GERMAN THOROUGHNESS AND CUNNING... CONTROLLED FROM INSIDE THE CAVE. ITS BARREL ELEVATED... AND THEN, WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, IT HURLED A SHELL AT THE BEACH-HEAD...



... A FEW MOMENTS AFTER FIRING, AND WITH EFFORTLESS EASE, THE MONSTER ARTILLERY PIECE WAS WITHDRAWN INTO ITS HILLSIDE CAVERN FOR RELOADING...

ARIZONA! I'M GOING DOWN TO LEAVE A PRESENT FOR THAT JACK-IN-THE-BOX! WHEN THOSE GUNNERS' BABY IS WRECKED THEY'LL COME ARUNNING. I'LL DRAW 'EM BACK HERE FOR YOU TO DEAL WITH...

WE'LL BE HERE WAITING FOR 'EM, SERGEANT!

I'M COMING WITH YOU, SARGE! THE NAVY TAUGHT ME A FEW THINGS ABOUT BLOWING UP JERRY POSITIONS...

THE SERGEANT AND PETTY OFFICER LUCKNOW MADE A CAUTIOUS DESCENT INTO THE VALLEY...

FIVE MINUTES BETWEEN ROUNDS... THAT'LL GIVE US PLENTY OF TIME TO LAY AN EGG ON THAT TRACK! HAND ME SOME OF THAT EXPLOSIVE...

WORKING PRONE IN THE UNDERGROWTH, THE TWO MEN PACKED GELIGNITE CYLINDERS AROUND THE STEEL RUNWAY. . .

STUFF THE REST OF IT IN ONE PLACE, RED! NO TIME TO DISTRIBUTE IT. . . IT'LL DO THE JOB!

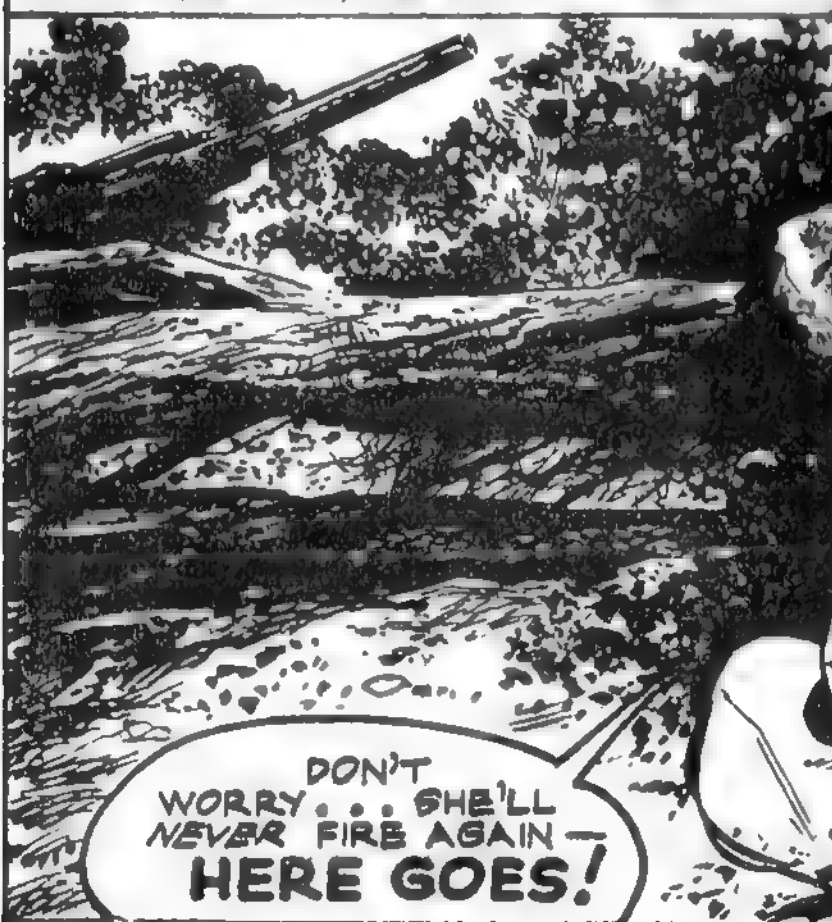


THE PAIR SCRAMBLED CLEAR, HARDING TRAILING THE ELECTRIC FUSE. . .



HERE SHE COMES, SARGE! BIG BERTHA THE SECOND!

WITH QUICK, SURE FINGERS, THE DEMOLITION SERGEANT CONNECTED THE FUSE TO THE BATTERY BOX. . .

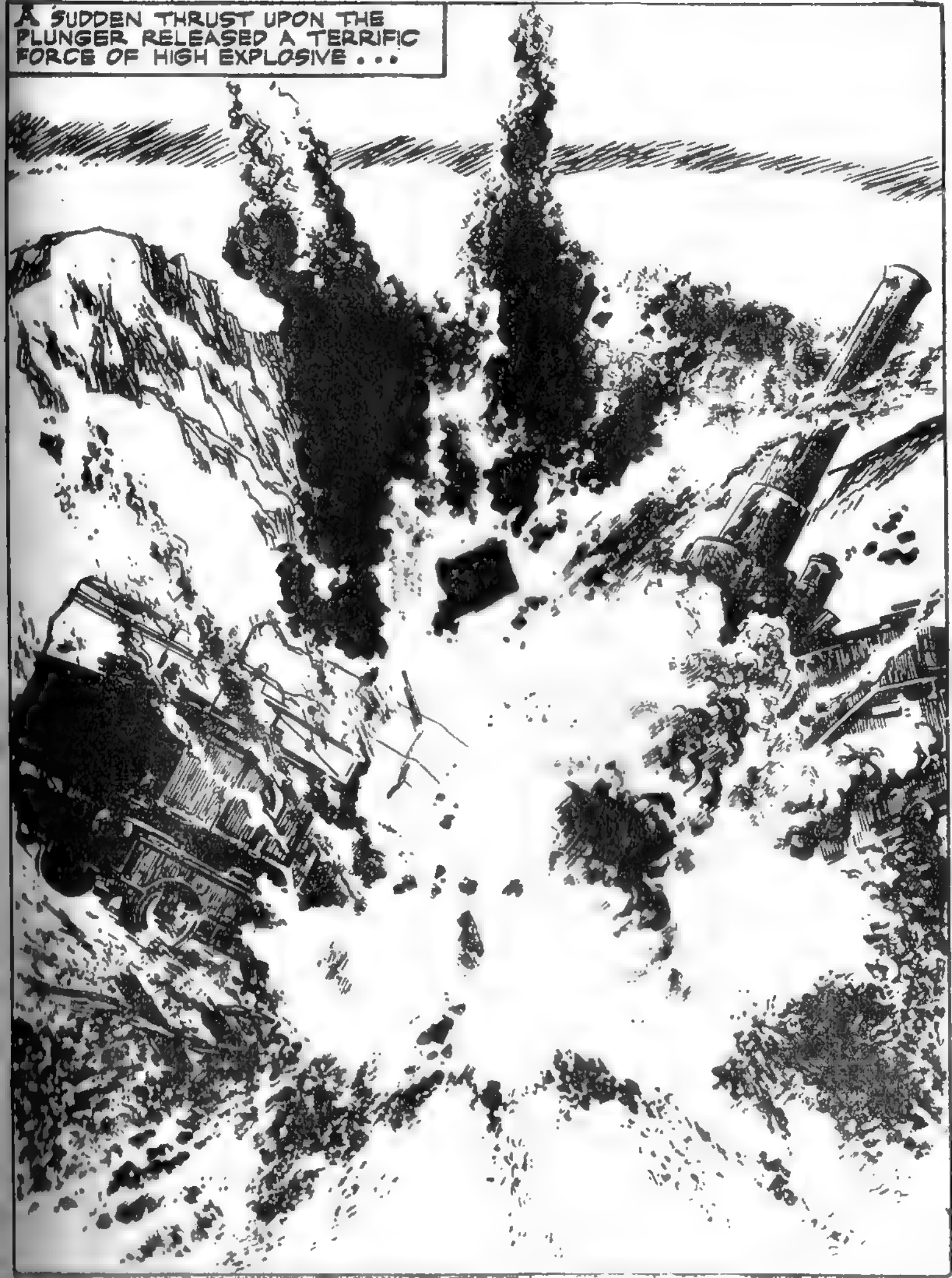


THIRTY SECONDS AND SHE'LL FIRE AGAIN. . .

DON'T WORRY. . . SHE'LL NEVER FIRE AGAIN — HERE GOES!



A SUDDEN THRUST UPON THE
PLUNGER RELEASED A TERRIFIC
FORCE OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE . . .



BEACH-HEAD

THE ROAR OF THE GREAT EXPLOSION STILL ECHOING AROUND THE VALLEY, THE ENRAGED GERMANS POURED FROM THE GUN CONTROL ROOM INSIDE THE CAVERN BENT ON VENGEANCE...

LET'S MOVE, RED...
LEAVE SOME WORK FOR
ARIZONA AND THE
BOYS!

WITH THE WEHRMACHT TROOPS IN HOT PURSUIT, THE BRITISH PAIR RACED UP THE HILLSIDE TOWARDS THE RIDGE WHERE THE REST OF THE PATROL WERE WAITING FOR THE GERMANS TO GET WITHIN RANGE OF THEIR GUNS...

HOLD
YOUR FIRE, BOYS!
WAIT TILL
I GIVE THE
ORDER!

FIRE! ARIZONA'S COMMAND RANG OUT AND LUCKNOW AND HARDING LEAPT FOR COVER AS THEIR COMRADES' GUNS BARKED AT THE ENEMY!

LET 'EM HAVE IT! BLAST 'EM INTO THE GROUND!



THE WITHERING, UNEXPECTED HAIL OF AUTOMATIC FIRE CUT THE GERMAN ATTACK DEAD IN ONE MOMENT...

SOME GUYS SURE HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!

ACH!
TRAPPED...



BEACH-HEAD

THE BATTLE-WISE SERGEANT HARDING ROSE TO URGE HIS FIGHTING PATROL FORWARD TO PRESS HOME THEIR ADVANTAGE...



AS SERGEANT MORGAN PREPARED TO LEAD HIS MEN DOWN FROM THE RIDGE, HIS ATTENTION WAS DRAWN TO THE PRISONER, FELDWEBEL VOHL...



LEADING THE ADVANCE, LUCKNOW BLASTED HIS WAY INTO THE GERMAN HILLSIDE STRONGHOLD — ONLY TO SEE HIS QUARRY ENTERING A SIDE ROOM OFF THE MAIN CAVERN ...



THE HEAVY DOOR THUDDED SHUT AS LUCKNOW HURLED HIMSELF FORWARD...



ZWEISS HAD GAINED TIME TO PUT A
DIABOLICAL SCHEME INTO OPERATION...



CALLOUSLY, THE GERMAN LIT A SET DEMOLITION
FUSE LEADING INTO THE ROWS OF SHELLS... TO
A CHARGE BIG ENOUGH TO EXPLODE THE
AMMUNITION, BIG ENOUGH TO BLAST THE
HILLSIDE CAVERN APART AND KILL FRIEND
AND FOE ALIKE...



THE TWO FROGMEN RESIGNED THEMSELVES TO THEIR FATE... THE STOUT DOOR SEEMED TOO MUCH OF A BARRIER TO BE BREACHED BY THE PATROL...

THIS IS CURTAINS, PAL... CHEERS!

CHEERS YOURSELF... AND I HOPE HE GETS STUCK UP THERE!

ZWEISS CLAMBERED UP A ROPE LADDER - CONFIDENT OF GETTING TO SAFETY... THROUGH A TUNNEL EXIT...

THE FOOLS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAS HIT THEM WHEN THE AMMUNITION EXPLODES... AND THERE CAN BE NO PURSUIT FROM DEAD MEN!

REPEATED EFFORTS TO BREAK THROUGH THE DOOR FAILED. THE MINUTES TICKED AWAY...

A TOUGH NUT... BUT IF ZWEISS IS IN THERE... I'LL GET TO HIM!

LET'S TRY USING THIS RAIL AS A BATTERING RAM!

BEACH-HEAD

THE DOOR SHUDDERED UNDER REPEATED BLOWS WITH THE MAKESHIFT RAM... AND THEN...

WE'VE
DONE
IT!



RED
LUCKNOW! WE
MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN!

GLAD YOU'RE
STILL WITH US, BOYS!
BUT WHERE IS
ZWEISS?

HE
WENT UP THAT
LADDER — AND LEFT
A CHARGE BURNING THAT'LL
BLOW US ALL INTO SALERNO
BAY! WE'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE — FAST,



WITH TEETH CLENCHED, LUCKNOW POURED A HAIL OF BULLETS INTO THE TUNNEL... BUT THE ROPE LADDER CAME SNAKING DOWN— PROOF THAT ZWEISS HAD REACHED THE OUTSIDE... AND SAFETY...

TOO LATE! MISSED THE BLIGHTER! NEVER MIND, LUCKNOW— YOU'LL GET HIM SOONER OR LATER... AND YOUR PALS ARE SAFE...



EVERYBODY OUT AT THE DOUBLE! THIS THING IS READY TO BLOW!

NOW THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ANYTHING BUT RAPID EVACUATION OF THE CAVERN... EVEN LUCKNOW HAD TO ADMIT THAT!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, BOYS! THE WHOLE CAVERN IS GOING TO BLOW...



A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY, ZWEISS WAS MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE.

ACH, SO!
SOON I WILL
BE AMONG
GERMANS
AGAIN!



... BUT THERE WAS ONE GERMAN THE HAUPTMANN DID NOT EXPECT TO MEET...

SO WE
MEET AGAIN, MEIN,
HAUPTMANN...

DONNERWETTER!
VOHL!



EVEN THE HEAVY BULLET FROM THE OFFICER'S PISTOL COULD NOT HALT THE LAST CHARGE OF THE HATE-DRIVEN VOHL!

DIE,
SCHWEINHUND!

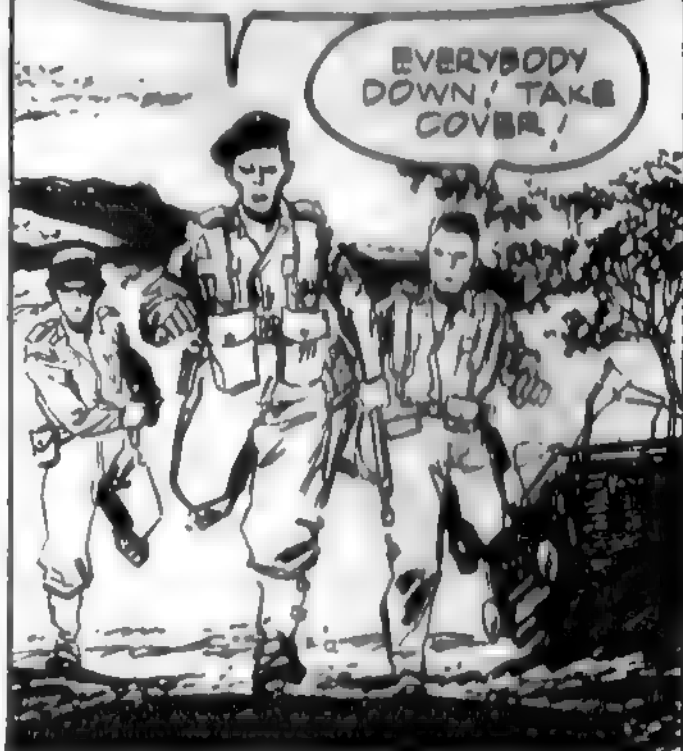
AACH!



THE SHARP CRACK OF THE LUGER REACHED THE MEN WHO FLED FROM THE CAVERN...

A PISTOL SHOT! MAYBE
ZWEISS HAS SHOT HIMSELF
AT THE SIGHT OF US
GETTING TO SAFETY...

EVERYBODY
DOWN! TAKE
COVER!



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, THE RUNNERS WENT TO EARTH...



THEIR MISSION SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED, THE FIGHTING PATROL BEGAN THE HAZARDOUS RETURN TRIP TO THE BEACH-HEAD...

AND THERE'S OLD TATE'S IRON CROSS! ZWEISS WON'T MISS THAT!

WELL, WELL!
HEY, LUCKNOW...
HERE'S YOUR FRIEND,
I'LL BET... VOHL HAS
DONE THE JOB
FOR YOU!



BEACH-HEAD

AT THE BEACH-HEAD, UNLOADING OF SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS PROCEEDED UNHAMPERED . . .

HOME AGAIN! THANKS, ARMY! YOU WERE A GREAT HELP!

ANY TIME, SAILOR! THE NAVY'S OKAY!



THE THREE SAILORS LEFT THE PATROL TO REPORT TO THE L.C.G. CAPTAIN.

WE'RE SHOVING OFF FOR MALTA AND REPAIRS. IF YOU THREE HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF SALERNO YOU'D BETTER GET ABOARD!

AYE
AYE, SIR! GLAD TO JOIN YOU . . . AND HERE'S YOUR SOUVENIR!



AND AT MALTA, THE THREE FRIENDS QUICKLY JOINED THEIR MATES AT THE LEAVE CAMP...

THIS IS THE LIFE! TWO WEEKS OF NOTHING TO DO...

JUST EATING AND SLEEPING...

...AND NO ENEMY BEACHES!

THE SPELL OF RELAXATION WAS BROKEN BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF LIEUTENANT PEERS, THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER...

C.O.P.P. — 'SHUN!

GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL LOOKING FIT... I'M SORRY TO BE THE ONE TO PUT AN END TO YOUR HOLIDAY...

WE ARE NEEDED TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE DEFENCES OF SOME FRENCH BEACHES. WE LEAVE AT ONCE FOR BRITAIN!



... AND SO... A WEEK LATER...
LUCKNOW, AMES AND
RUTHERFORD WERE BACK
IN ACTION...

WELCOME
TO FRANCE,
BOYS!

LET'S
LOOK THE
PLACE
OVER!

... AND
SEE YOU DON'T
GET LOST...
BECAUSE THIS TIME
I'D LET THE JERRIES
KEEP YOU - THEY'D
BE WELCOME!

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